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Marlinton, Pocahonta

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Biographic Sketch of The Buckleys.

Pioneer Settlers of Buckeye Vicinity.

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My readers will readily perceive why this paper should be so largely taken up with the Buckley family, when it be remembered that my Bucks Run host was named Joseph Buckley McNeill and Aaron Kee is a great grandson of Joshua Buckley, the Winchester pioneer of Buckeye. From information obtained since publishing the Pocahontas Sketches, I learn that John Buckley, the pioneer's eldest son, was born near Winchester, February 16, 1762, and is so recorded as I am advised. This date, should it prove authentic, would be useful in ascertaining something of the time

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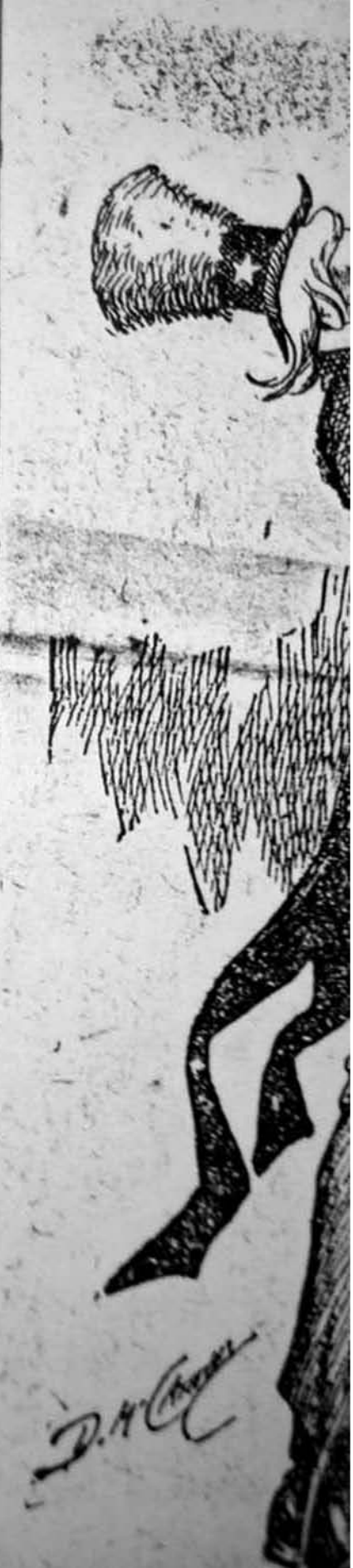

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possession of Andrew Edmiston, of the Lower Levels. Thyatira was so useful and devoted to her mistress that when Mrs Buckley died her special instructions were that Thyatira should be maintained by the family long as she might live, and must never be a county charge. A cabin was built for her near where the Buckeye station is now located. From this cabin she moved to George Kee's whose wife was Hester Buckley, where she died and was buried in the Buckley graveyard many years ago.

Thyatira was furnished a very comfortable housekeeping outfit by her pioneer mistress, and Mrs Buckley's dying wishes were carefully respected by her children, and so it became that Thyatira was a privileged character during her later years.

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One of the more noticeable improvements Joshua Buckley made was the planting of a large orchard. The sprouts were brought

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Such was her kindness of heart no stranger was ever turned away, but all were warmed, fed and lodged. Whether worthy or unworthy, she never seemed to stop to inquire, and there is but little doubt that time and again her generosity was abused.

Joseph Buckley the second son of the Pieneer Joshua was distinguished for his fondness for playing practical jokes, and telling strange yarns about ghosts and witches. He possessed ready wit and his reportees remind me much of John Randolph of Roanoke. It is my impression that Joe Buckley could have come nearer duplicating that person in form, features, tones of voice, sarcasm and repartee than any one I ever heard of.

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Now from what I have heard about Mr. Randolph, I feel pretty sure that if they had ever seen Joe Buckley they would have quit saying, "We never saw anybody like Jack Randolph."

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Her tortures were excrucating and yet strange to say she got well, contrary to the doctor's expectations.

The Buckeye pioneer's second daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs. Arter McClure in lower Pocahontas, or upper Greenbrier. Her son Samuel McClure, is remembered on Stony Creek and vicinity

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The Buckeye pioneer's second daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs. Arter McClure in lower Pocahontas, or upper Greenbrier. Her son Samuel McClure, is remembered on Stony Creek and vicinity as the father of the late James McClure near Onoto.

James McClure is survived by numerous industrious sons and daughters whose families are growin up in Virginia, West Virginia and Indiana.

Such are a few of the reminiscences pertinent to my recent visit to the hospitable well furnished home of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kee at the original Kee homestead. For a hundred years this has been a Kee home, and for all these years has been a place where travellers and acquaintances would be generously received and kindly entertained.

It aroused my sympathies to find my friend from his boyhood in such infirm health. But he re-

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About night fall the rain that was looked for early in the day from my cozy quarters on Joe McNeills's porch began to fall and at frequent intervals there were

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About night fall the rain that was looked for early in the day from my cozy quarters on Joe McNeills's porch began to fall and at frequent intervals there were showers all night long. The pattering of the raindrops was the most soothing of sounds inviting sweet and hopeful slumber.

Pretty early next morning I took up my carriages for the home stretch on this tramping round.

The road I found to be quite miry and the mud was of the sticky sort that would be hard to get rid of even when dry.

About the time I had made ready to dare and do whatever a muddy tramp might mean, George McComb of Dan, came along with his team driven by a half grown young McComb, a chip of the

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George seemed to be feeling good on the rain and hailed me in his cherry way to wait for the wagon climb on and we would take a ride to Marlinton together.

It would take a volume of several hundred pages to contain all that this resident of the Dan flag station vicinity could tell of the ups and downs, round and rounds of his eventful life and much of it would be interesting reading, written out just as he tells it, how

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when John McNeel, the pioneer of the Little Levels and his two friends, Charles and Jacob Kennison located their pioneer homes. The tradition in the Buckley family is that the very day that Joshua Buckley reached his proposed place of settlement, he went on to John McNeel's to have his horse cared for, leaving his wife and child in the hunter's camp alone all night. This leads to the inference that the Pioneer McNeel had come out some time previously.

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In the course of years the bank was worn away and the dwelling was about to be undermined, it was moved farther back and rebuilt not so many years ago by the Rev Joshua Buckley at what was deemed a safe distance. At the present time the house is within a rod or so of the brink so rapidly has the bank worn away. Some ten or more years after settling here there was an alarming freshet in the Greenbrier and the water surrounded the dwelling of the pioneer. Mr Buckley and a servant woman Thyatira took the children, cows and chickens to the barn on higher ground. The water between house and barn became deep enough to swim a horse, but Mrs Buckley would not desert the house. In the meantime her husband passed from house to barn in [illegible]

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the present time the house is within a rod or so of the brink so rapidly has the bank worn away. Some ten or more years after settling here there was an alarming freshet in the Greenbrier and the water surrounded the dwelling of the pioneer. Mr Buckley and a servant woman Thyatira took the children, cows and chickens to the barn on higher ground. The water between house and barn became deep enough to swim a horse, but Mrs Buckley would not desert the house. In the meantime her husband passed from house to barn in a canoe or dug out. Mrs Buckley passed her time in the house, sewing on a hunting shirt as she sat by a window overlooking the river, and she could almost reach the water from the window with her hand while at the highest tide.

At the death of her father, a Mr Collins, of Newtown, Mrs Hannah Buckley was bequeathed a servant woman named Thyatira, who was quite a character in her time. Her husband was Joe, in

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mistress that when Mrs Buckley died her special instructions were that Thyatira should be maintained by the family long as she might live, and must never be a county charge. A cabin was built for her near where the Buckeye station is now located. From this cabin she moved to George Kee's whose wife was Hester Buckley, where shé died and was buried in the Buckley graveyard many years ago.

Thyatira was furnished a very comfortable housekeeping outfit by her pioneer mistress, and Mrs Buckley's dying wishes were carefully respected by her children, and so it became that Thyatira was a privileged character during her later years.

One instance out of many illustrates the manner of servant she was, may be given. When Joshua Buckley the Pioneer opened up the Burgess place he used it for summer range. For several sea-

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One instance out of many illustrates the manner of servant she was, may be given. When Joshua Buckley the Pioneer opened up the Burgess place he used it for summer range. For several seasons Thyatira and the boys John and Joseph did the driving out and the salting. It happened one year that she went out with the stock as usual, and was instructed to stay by the cattle until they became used to the range and not be likely to come back or stray elsewhere. She went into camp and when bed time came covered her head with a sheep skin. Upon awakening in the morning Thyatira found herself uncomfortably warm, and the covering felt very heavy. It was found snow had fallen ten inches deep. She at once hustled around, gathered up her drove and brought it back to Buckeye.

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The pioneer's daughter Hester, or, as she was most commonly called, Hetty, became the wife of the late George Kee, near Marlinton, and the honored progenitor of the Kee relationship in the Marlinton vicinity. Her energy and industry as a home keeper were the talk of her day. Her grandson Aaron Kee lives on the home place, where passed the most of her life in her busy home duties,

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Joseph Buckley the second son of the Pieneer Joshua was distinguished for his fondness for playing practical jokes, and telling strange yarns about ghosts and witches. He possessed ready wit and his reportees remind me much of John Randolph of Roanoke. It is my impression that Joe Buckley could have come nearer duplicating that person in form, features, tones of voice, sarcasm and repartee than any one I ever heard of.

In has been my fortune to meet with a number of people that had often seen John Randolph and it was a common remark with them that they had never seen anyone like "Jack" Randolph.

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Now from what I have heard about Mr. Randolph, I feel pretty sure that if they had ever seen Joe Buckley they would have quit saying, "We never saw anybody like Jack Randolph."

Some of the most withering, keen, sarcastic repartees that I have ever heard from anyone, were Joe Buckley's remarks spoken in his falsetto tones and not a smile anywhere visible on his long sad face, nor a gleam of humor about his piercing gray eyes, that blazed beneath his prominent and rugged eye brows, with penetrating stare. There was a something about the way that Joe Buckley looked at you, that made one feel that he knew it all about you and that the sooner you could get out of the way the better it

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Though he has been gone from us for nearly forty years, yet there is not many living persons whose names are as frequently repeated as "Joe Buckley's." His wife was Elizabeth Gibson, sister of David Gibson the progenitor of the Elk relationship of that name.

She was a noted housekeeper and was ever ready for her home duties out of doors as well as in doors.

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Mrs. Buckley in advanced age was sorely afflicted by a cancerous sore on the back of her right hand. To use her own language it pained like a hot iron all the time. In her agony she would walk the floor day and night and would use every kind of poultice she could hear of, make teas of every root or plant that might be recommenden for purifying the blood. In the meantime a doctor from Rockbridge located at Huntersville, and among the first cases he was

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ellers and acquaintances would be generously received and kindly entertained.

It aroused my sympathies to find my friend from his boyhood in such infirm health. But he receives and endures it all with becoming resignation, being fully persuaded that such is the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Being in whom all live, move and have their being, that all at last must and shall be well.

About night fall the rain that was looked for early in the day from my cozy quarters on Joe McNeills's porch began to fall and at frequent intervals there were showers all night long. The pattering of the raindrops was the most soothing of sounds inviting sweet and hopeful slumber.

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Pretty early next morning I took up my carriages for the home stretch on this tramping round.

The road I found to be quite miry and the mud was of the sticky sort that would be hard to get rid of even when dry.

About the time I had made ready to dare and do whatever a muddy tramp might mean, George McComb of Dan, came along with his team driven by a half grown young McComb, a chip of the ternal block.

George seemed to be feeling good on the rain and hailed me in his cherry way to wait for the wagon, climb on and we would take a ride to Marlinton together.

It would take a volumn of several hundred pages to contain all that this resident of the Dan flag station vicinity could tell

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It would take a volumn of several hundred pages to contain all that this resident of the Dan flag station vicinity could tell of the ups and downs, round and rounds of his eventful life and much of it would be interesting reading, written out just as he tells it, how a man has to hustle to keep alive considering the enemies he has had to confront and meet the cares and duties of raising as they ought to be raised six sons and six daughters.

The two mile home stretch in that wagon was a thing of pleasure and interest to what the home stretch would have been in my thin summer gaiters, had it been tramped. Thanks to you Mr. McComb, may you and your boy long live to own and drive wagons and happen along whenever people may be as glad to meet you as I was.

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Shakespeare Says

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that this resident of the Dan flag station vicinity, could tell of the ups and downs, round and rounds of his eventful life and much of it would be interesting reading, written out just as he tells it, how a man has to hustle to keep alive considering the enemies he has had to confront and meet the cares and duties of raising as they ought to be raised six sons and six daughters.

The two mile home stretch in that wagon was a thing of pleasure and interest to what the home stretch would have been in my thin summer gaiters, had it been tramped. Thanks to you Mr. McComb, may you and your boy long live to own and drive wagons and happen along whenever people may be as glad to meet you as I was.

W. T. P.

Shakespeare Says

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

But he knew nothing about Green Seal Liquid paint. For sale by C. J. Richardson.

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"Joe Buckley's." His wife
Elizabeth Gibson, sister of
id Gibson the progenitor of
Elk relationship of that name.
e was a noted housekeeper
was ever ready for her home
out of doors as well as in

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